

TO-MORROW'S MORNING WORLD  
WILL BE PRINTED ON  
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LAST EDITION  
EXTRA  
GLORIOUS!

That's the Sort of Send-  
Off the Centennial  
Has To-Day.

President Harrison  
Breakfasts at Eliza-  
beth and Comes Up  
on the Despatch.

A Naval Parade the Like of  
Which We Never Saw.

Received With Enthusiasm at the  
Equitable Building.

A Great Booming of Cannon and  
Fluttering of Flags.

A Great Fiasco at the Landing of  
the President.

The Crew of Captains Fail to Row Him  
Ashore.

One Old Sailor Tumbles Into the  
Briny Deep.

A Great Crowd of Strangers Through the  
Streets and the Hotels Are Crowded.

ELIZABETH, N. J., April 29.—This town was  
in a blaze of glory when the special train bear-  
ing President Harrison arrived here at 7:25  
o'clock this morning.

This is a quiet, staid old town, but the streets  
were thronged all night long by visitors from  
the surrounding country, and long before day-  
light the sound of beating drums aroused the  
sleeping inhabitants with the announcement  
that the celebration of the centennial of the in-  
auguration of George Washington had begun.

Gen. Washington rode over from Woodbridge  
100 years ago in his own coach, drawn by a  
span of coal-black horses driven by a coal-black  
coachman, Black Sam. Gen. Harrison's coach  
was Vice-President Frank Thompson's private  
railway car and his steed a powerful and  
speedy locomotive. There were nine other cars  
in the Presidential train, and there were in-  
cluded in the conveniences of the train all the  
things which make up the daily life of the in-  
tellectual citizen.

There was a barber shop in one car, and in an-  
other was a library well stored with books in  
every department of literature. The cars were  
heated by steam and lighted by electricity.  
Supt. James M. Martin, of the Eastern Division  
of the Pennsylvania Railway; George E. Pratt,  
mechanical inspector of the Pullman Palace Car  
Company, and an electrician were on the train.

The journey from Washington had commenced  
seven hours, while Washington, journeying  
over almost the same course 100 years ago, had  
consumed almost as many days.

TWO SCENES ONE HUNDRED YEARS APART.  
When the immortal George rode into Eliza-  
bethtown 100 years ago he was greeted by the  
huzzas of the people of the little hamlet, the  
drumming of drums and the firing of musketry.  
As the Presidential train pulled up at the  
Elizabethport stop this a. m. there were sounded  
three taps on the fire-alarm bell of the city and  
this was followed by simultaneous ringing of  
the bells on all the fifteen churches of the  
city, while the gun detachment of the Third  
Regiment, under command of Lieut. Shaler,  
fired a salute of twenty-one guns in Rahway  
avenue.

RECEIVED BY GOV. GREEN.  
Gov. Green went to Trenton last night and  
with Gen. Stryker boarded the Presidential  
train at that city this morning.

Arriving in the city, he alighted from the  
President's car first and then assisted Mrs.  
Harrison and Mrs. McKee from the car, the Presi-  
dential coming last. These four seated themselves  
in Gov. Green's carriage, which was in waiting,  
and were driven up Broad street, the principal

# The Evening World

NEW YORK, MONDAY, APRIL 29, 1899.

## BATTERY VIEW OF THE NAVAL PARADE.

The Despatch Passing Out of the Lane of Merchant  
Vessels and Warships.

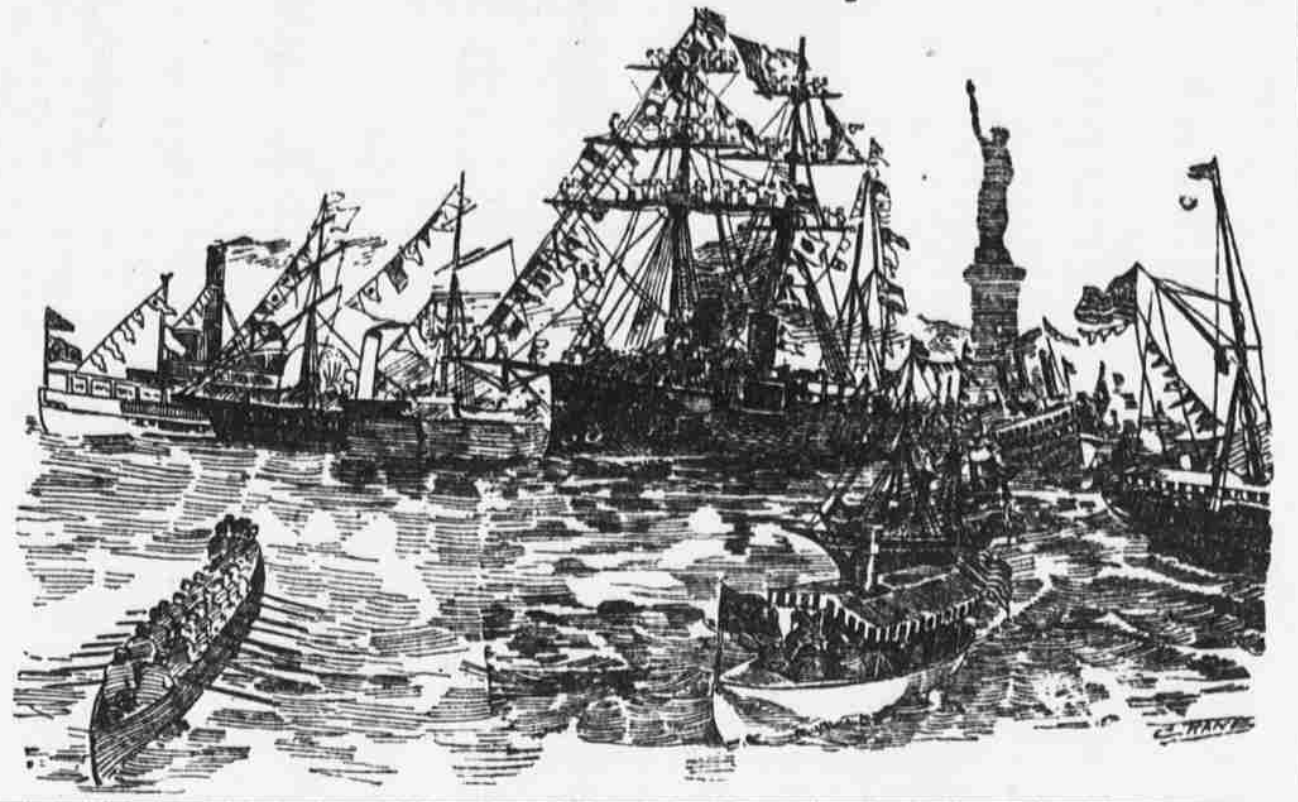
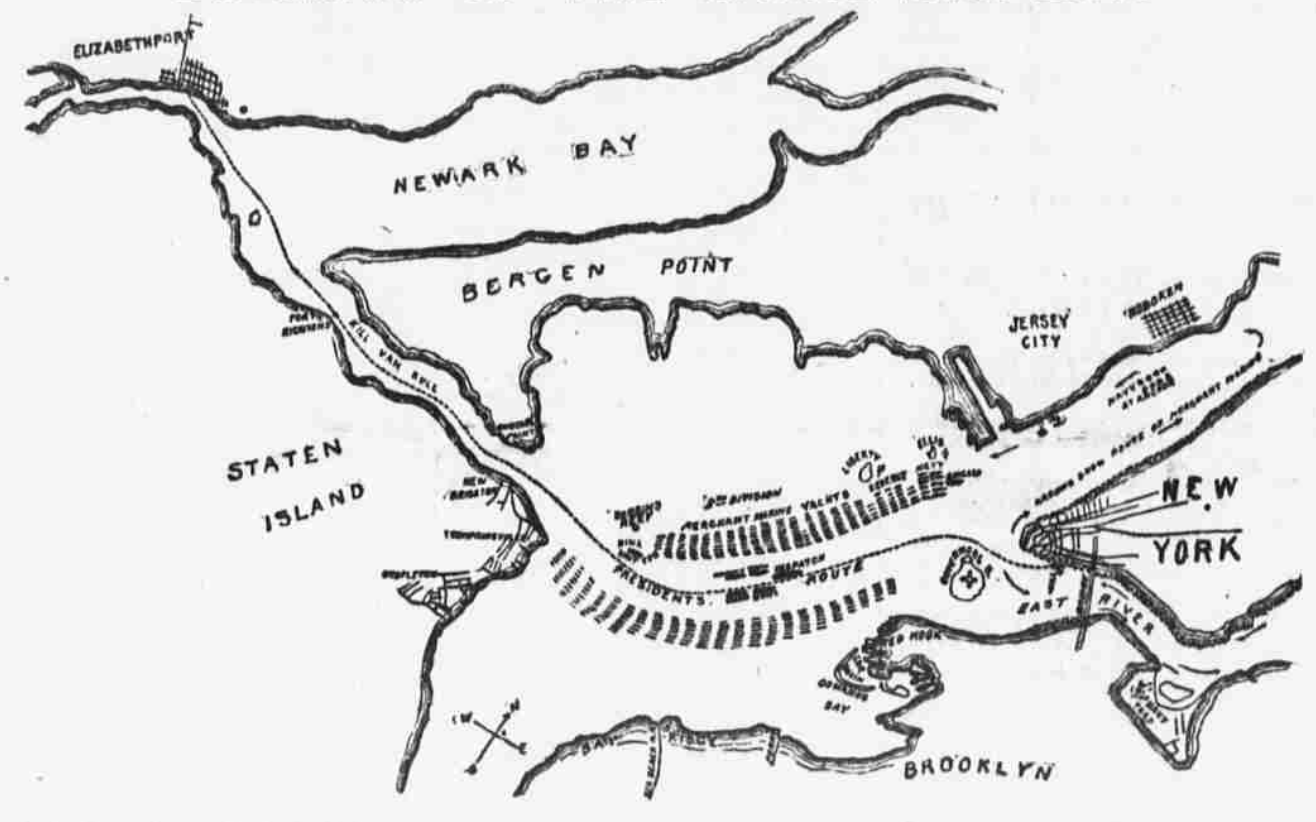


DIAGRAM OF THE NAVAL DISPLAY.



At 6:30 o'clock President Harrison and his  
party re-entered their carriages and resumed  
the journey to Elizabethport, the point where  
Washington embarked for New York 100 years  
ago to-day.

They were escorted by the civic and military  
parade, passing substantially the same roads  
traversed by Washington.

They were historic roads in Washington's day.  
They are antique now. When Washington  
passed through Broad street in Elizabethtown  
his eye must have fallen upon the new church  
edifice of the First Presbyterian Society, and  
Gov. Boudinot may have told him, as they rode  
along, that the good people of that church had  
been so stirred to patriotism by Parson James  
E. Caldwell that they had become a torment to  
the British, and that in 1780 the good pastor  
and his wife were shot by the British, the hus-  
band at Elizabethtown Point and the wife while  
she stood at her window in Connecticut Farm.

AN HISTORIC EDIFICE.  
That old edifice still stands. It is a gable  
brick building with painted white window-  
frames, and on its front President Harrison  
read to-day these words:

Connected with this church through the war of revo-  
lution were the pastor, Rev. J. O. Caldwell, Chap-  
lain of the Jersey Brigade; Abraham Clark,  
a signer of the Declaration of Independence;  
William Livingston, Colonial Governor; Elias Boudi-  
not, President of the Continental Congress; Gen. Elias  
Jonathan and Matthias Dayton, and William Crane,  
Col. Aaron Ogden, Oliver Spencer and Francis Bar-  
ber, and forty commissioned officers, besides non-com-  
missioned officers and privates. The church burned by  
the British June 25, 1780, rebuilt and completed in  
1789.

There were four hoary-headed veterans of the  
Mexican war in a carriage in the parade to-day.  
Among them was Commodore McGowan, who  
commanded the ship Star of the West, which  
received the first fire of the Confederates at  
Fort Sumter.

A LEEVE IN GOV. GREEN'S PARLOR.  
Prior to the review of the parade President  
Harrison held a levee in the wing parlor of Gov.  
Green's house, and 1,200 of the people of Eliza-  
beth, seated in at the front and out at the rear,  
dined and gazed upon the smiling features of the  
Nation's Executive, the name of each being an-  
nounced to the President by Asst. Sewell.

The parade was in seven divisions under com-  
mand of C. H. Halsey, Marshal of the day.  
THE PRESIDENT'S ESCORT.  
The escort to the President on his way to  
Elizabethport consisted of fifty-seven carriage  
loads of gentlemen.

The Vice-President and Mrs. Morton rode  
with Gen. Stryker and Gen. Sewall; Govs.  
Abbott, Trice and Delle filled one coach;  
Bishops Carborough and Farrell and two clergymen  
had a carriage by themselves, and Gen.  
Plume and members of his staff another. While delegations from  
the Newark Historical Society; Society of the  
Cincinnati, Loyal Legion; Sons of Revolution-  
ary Sires and Grand Army of Republic made up  
regard of honor.

As the Despatch passed up the lane of vessels,  
salutes of twenty-one guns were given, yards  
were manned, steamboats, yachts and tug-  
boats dipped colors and blew steam whistles, no sal-  
uting more than a half minute in length.

When the Despatch had passed between the  
two big divisions they got under way. The  
tenth people "if he didn't do as he was told  
with the President, but he got his dander  
up when "We Centennial people" told him  
that he couldn't ride from Elizabethport to New  
York with the Presidential party on the De-  
spatch, and that no other boat from Eliza-  
bethport would be permitted to sail up the bay in  
the line of the naval parade.

GOV. GREEN SAILS, TOO.  
Gov. Green's yacht Meteor was at the Eliza-  
bethport dock this morning, however, and Gov.  
Green, with Gov. Lee, of Virginia, Senators  
Hiscock and Everts, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Mor-  
ton and others of the Centennial party, boarded  
her at 10:30 and sailed away in the path of track  
of the Despatch.

THE NAVAL PARADE.  
A More Grand Array of Vessels  
Than This Harbor Ever Saw.

The United States Steamer Despatch, the ves-  
sel which will be honored by the presence of  
President Harrison and distinguished guests to-  
day, was alive with men at 6 o'clock this  
morning.

Great preparations had been made for this  
trip; the woodwork had been washed down and  
her metal trimmings had been polished until  
they shone like gold.

A New York pilot came aboard of her last  
night. When the Despatch left the dock she  
presented a gala appearance. She was decorated  
from bow to stern. A number of flags were  
strung along her top-rigging, and the American  
emblem was conspicuous about her decks.

Capt. Cowles, with a guard of twenty marines  
under the command of Lieut. Benson, U. S. M.  
C., were aboard of her, and when the craft left  
the dock the marines were drawn up in a line on  
the quarter deck.

It was a pretty sight. The marines were  
in full dress and wore their white helmets. At 6  
o'clock, when the word was given, the lines  
were cast off and the Despatch started up the  
river on her way to the foot of East Twenty-  
sixth street, where she was to receive Admiral  
Porter and his staff and such distinguished  
guests as had been invited.

The merchant marine meanwhile proceeded up  
the East River hugging the east shore, turned  
a sharp corner near Hunter's Point and came down  
the harbor, hugging the west shore.

Turning the Battery, they went up the North  
River by the war ships, turned at the designated  
point, came down the river and were dismissed.

THE FIRST SALUTE.  
When the Despatch arrived at the battery the  
guests and naval officers had their eyes dazzled  
with the most remarkable and magnificent  
spectacle that has ever been witnessed by the  
people of this great city.

Instantly, with a signal from the Chicago, the  
firing cannon, which protruded from the  
portholes on the various warships, began to  
belch fire. Clouds of smoke completely sur-  
rounded the ships, and gallant tars ran nimbly  
up the ladders in honor to the Secretary of the  
Navy and Admiral Porter.

These vessels were decorated and festooned  
from keel to masthead with bunting and many-  
colored flags, having been so since sunrise. It  
was a grand scene and to describe it or try to  
convey an impression of what it looked like  
seems an almost impossible task.

LIKE A KALIDOSCOPE.  
At a first quick glance the duttering and  
many-colored flags reminded one of a huge  
kalidoscope. Again with just a trifling stretch  
of imagination you could fancy you saw an im-  
mense quantity of many colored jewels, framed  
in the emerald setting made by the green hills  
of Staten Island, the low meadows of Jersey and  
the shores of picturesque Bay Ridge.

On the west side of the bay are formed three  
immense columns of vessels; on the east side  
one column, larger than the other three. Every  
boat is so covered with flags and bunting as to  
be almost unrecognizable.

The west side columns are composed of sailing  
vessels, small yachts, steam yachts, revenue  
cutters, naval vessels, steamships, tugs and  
lighters and the like.

The east column was formed of our mercantile  
marine, all kinds of harbor vessels being rep-  
resented.

## WHO ARE THESE DEAD?

The Dread Mystery of Twenty Vic-  
tims of the Grand Trunk  
Horror.

Charred and Unrecognizable Bodies Ly-  
ing at the Hamilton Morgue.

Not One Passenger Escaped from That  
Fatal First Car.

SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.  
HAMILTON, Ont., April 29.—The eighteen  
bodies of the passengers who were cremated in  
the frightful railway accident and holocaust  
which occurred yesterday morning on the Grand  
Trunk Railway, a mile from this city, still re-  
main unidentified.

Telegrams from anxious friends and relatives  
of passengers who were supposed to be on the  
train are pouring in upon the railway  
officials, but the excitement is so intense that  
no accurate information can be gathered.

All means of identification were burned up in  
the wreck.

Twenty-five officials who went and looked over  
the spot came away sick with dread. The dark  
mound was a heap of charred remains.

Presently there appeared a wagon loaded up  
with nine coffins and the blackened fragments  
of humanity were picked carefully out and laid  
in the coffins.

One, two, three, four, five, six bodies, and  
still that frightful heap gave up its dead.

Seven, eight, nine, fourteen, fifteen, seven-  
teen, eighteen bodies, and then the awful nature  
of the holocaust dawned upon the workers and  
they turned away sick and horrified at the  
frightful sight.

Those who saw it will never forget the scene as  
the long line of coffins was borne to the car  
waiting to receive them.

The surging crowd on the hill above became  
quiet and somewhat like a shudder ran through  
it as box after box laden with its deadly  
freight, was carried past through the blinding  
rainstorm which at that moment burst upon the  
place.

The scene of the accident was the Junction  
cut, where the train jumped the track while  
running at terrific speed to make up lost time.

The engine struck a water tank, turned over  
on its side, and in a second more the train,  
which was made up of ten cars, was piled up  
like a mass of wreckage.

In addition to the horror the mass immediately  
took fire.

The eighteen passengers whose bodies remain  
unknown at the Morgue were imprisoned in the  
first car, which was telegraphed with the smoke.

Of the passengers outside the first car two  
were killed, one of them, L. S. Gurney, of  
Brooklyn, having his head severed completely  
from his body.

The other man known to have been killed is  
H. H. Edger, of Chicago.

The injured who are at the hospital in this  
city are the following:

## LAST EDITION EXTRA THERE IS A HITCH.

Lord Dunraven Not Pleased with the  
American Yachtmen's Terms.

If They Are Not Modified His Challenge  
May Be Declared Off.

The Nobleman Gone for a Consultation  
with His Yacht's Designer.

SPECIAL CABLE TO THE EVENING WORLD.  
LONDON, April 29.—There is a hitch some-  
where in the matter of Lord Dunraven's chal-  
lenge for a yacht race for the America Cup.

When the terms of acceptance were received  
from New York, Lord Dunraven did not find  
them satisfactory.

The EVENING WORLD representative was told  
on the highest authority to-day that unless the  
terms were modified the challenge would be de-  
clared off.

In what respect the terms were unsatisfactory  
was not stated.

The reporter called at Lord Dunraven's house,  
but the nobleman was not at home. He was  
said to have gone to Scotland, and it is presumed  
that he had gone for a consultation with De-  
signer Watson.

Endeavors to ascertain in New York further  
details as to the hitch in the arrangements for  
the race proved fruitless to-day, the gentlemen  
chiefly interested in the matter being busied  
with Centennial affairs than with yacht racing.

EMANUEL HART IN A FIX.  
MISS WESSELLS GETS A WARRANT FOR  
THE STEREOTYPE MAN'S ARREST.

Miss Emma Wessells called at the Jefferson  
Market Police Court this morning and had a  
warrant issued for the arrest of Emanuel H.  
Hart, who runs the big stereopticon at Fifth  
avenue and Twenty-third street, whom she  
charged with having assaulted her sister.

The Wessells sisters live at 115 West Nine-  
teenth street. They are old New Yorkers, hav-  
ing lived down in the Ninth Ward, from where  
they moved to their present address seventeen  
years ago.

Both are over seventy-five years old, and the  
younger is very feeble.

Miss Wessells said Mr. Hart rented rooms of  
her, but she ordered him to leave. He moved  
away on Saturday and left his room—the rent  
of which was paid until May 1—unlocked.

Miss Wessells charged that he was doing no harm  
when she entered the rooms and placed an  
American flag from each of the three windows.

When Mr. Hart came around shortly before 9  
o'clock, it is alleged that he started to tear down  
the flags. Miss Wessells remonstrated, and she  
says he rubbed her out of the room and then  
fastened and broke the stick of the other one.

His conduct is not attributed to a lack of  
patriotism, but to his anger at finding that his  
rooms had been invaded.

WHERE WASHINGTON PRAYED.  
Many Visitors Inspecting His Pew in St.  
Paul's Church.

An unbroken procession of rural visitors and  
city people walked through St. Paul's Church  
this forenoon to see Gen. Washington's pew.

## AN AWFUL LEAP.

From a Roof Four Stories High to  
the Middle of the Street.

Shortly before 6 o'clock this morning Peter  
Beth, a German and a carpet-weaver by trade,  
jumped to instant death from the roof of 421  
East Houston street to the street below.

The sight was a blood-curdling one. Many  
people saw the body of a man shooting through  
the air, and as he struck the earth a large crowd  
gathered.

Fireman Jim Smith, of Engine Company No.  
11, was walking along in front of the engine-  
house at the time the deed was committed. He  
describes it as one of the most exciting scenes  
that has ever witnessed on his roof.

The structure is four stories high, with a roof  
that slopes from front to rear.

Smith saw the man on the roof and supposed  
he was arranging the decorations. He walked  
out into the street to get a better view, keeping  
his eyes on the figure on the roof.

The man started on a run up the slope  
towards the Houston street front.

Not an instant did he hesitate, he propelled  
himself out into space, with his body perfectly  
erect, although the arms waved wildly.

The fall of the suicide was still erect when  
he first touched the ground, thirty feet from  
the line of the building, and as the crowd  
gathered and rooted to the spot, he saw the body bound  
upward from the force of the fall, and then fall  
forward on his face almost in the middle of the  
street, while through the man's frame ran the  
convulsive shudder of death.

Fireman Smith waited no longer, but ran up-  
stairs and sent a call for ambulances to Bel-  
levue and Gouverneur hospitals.

The man was still breathing, and he was car-  
ried on a stretcher to the Thirteenth Precinct  
Station-House at Union Street.

Mr. B. Layman, of Bellevue, was the first  
to arrive, and after an examination pronounced  
the man dead.

His body was taken from the fall he had re-  
sisted when he fell on his face.

The man worked for Fred Feltz, from whose  
building he fell. He arrived at about 5:45  
and made the fatal leap five minutes later. He  
reached the roof by climbing two flights of  
stairs.

He was forty-five years old and had been  
married a considerable time. Up to a short time  
ago he lived with his wife and four sons at 335  
Livingston street, but the family became dis-  
satisfied with his actions and he moved out of  
doors.

Mrs. Beth lives at 939 Livingston street with  
her first son, Adam, aged twenty-two; Jacob,  
nineteen, and two others, fifteen and ten respec-  
tively.

When Mrs. Beth was notified of her husband's  
death she came to her home and had the body  
removed to her home.

Centre Field Sunday on Prohibition.  
SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.  
PITTSBURGH, April 29.—Billy Sunday, Pitts-  
burg's Centre Field holder, addressed a big crowd at  
the Opera House last night in favor of the  
Prohibition amendment to the Constitution.